



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man  
INTERESTING EXPERIMENT WITH THE  
CURRANT.

We clip the following detail of experiments in training the currant bush, from Miner's Rural American.

The currant is at home in Maine, and flourishes well all over the State. Indeed, we have several indigenous varieties found wild in our frontier forests. We recollect of once meeting, in Aroostook forests, a variety with striped fruit. No doubt, with the same training as that practiced by Mr. Norris, any of the varieties could be trained as well fruit, and thus become ornamental as well as useful.

"It is conceded by all, that the currant is a valuable fruit; nearly every family, who cultivate a garden, have their 'row of currant bushes.' I find by practical demonstration that the growth, fruitfulness, barrenness, early or late maturity, is greatly influenced by the different modes of culture. I find that constraining them within limited bounds answers a good purpose. In the Spring of 1885, I planted cuttings of the currant close to my dwelling house, on the North and East sides. These cuttings I have cultivated and trained to suit my fancy—they may now be termed *currant trees*, instead of bushes. Some I have pruned off nearly all the lateral branches. Of these the tallest now stands ten feet six inches in height. Before planting the cutting, rub off all the buds, except the one at the top, which will prevent its sprouting at the base. These require some support, and it is therefore essential to nail them to the walls of the house, with straps of leather four inches or more in length, to clasp over the main branches, and tack with small nails; this will keep them in an upright, or any position you please. Others I have trained to correspond with the window-frames. As soon as they reach the height of the window-sill, I permit two branches to grow some 18 inches in length, then bend them down to a horizontal position, to correspond with the window-sill, and nail them. As they advance in growth, I carefully bend them to an upright position to correspond with the window-frame, and nail them. I also permit one or two branches to grow at equal distances in the centre. The branches can be trained in any shape or position you please—just as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Now, in the spring, when the foliage is green, and the blossoms appear, I have beautiful natural window-blinds; and when the fruit matures, and the luscious crimson berries hang in clusters, I think them more ornamental, and useful than the 'woodbine,' or 'eglantine.' By training my currants as above stated, I find they grow much larger, resembling cherries nearly, as to size, and the fruit more delicious in quality; and those trained to the east and south walls, mature the fruit earlier; and those on the north wall, later—these I have known to retain the fruit on the trees, fresh and good, until the hard frosts of November. Another advantage is, the fruit is out of the reach of the fowls, who are very fond of them, and devour many on the low bushes.

I have in contemplation, a suitable trellis, which may be constructed as an inclosure for the garden, on the north or south sides—say construct a close board fence, eight or ten feet high, or as high as you wish to train the currant. I would select durable timber for posts, of suitable length, set 12 feet apart, with girts, and nail on the boards in an upright position. Plant cuttings of the currant, at suitable distances on each side of this fence, and you have a convenient trellis to train them to; those on the south will be early, and those on the north late. Such a trellis, well constructed, of durable timber, and well painted, will last many years, and will combine the ornamental with the useful."

**SALVING SHEEP.**  
MR. EDITOR:—My neighbor called on me a few days since, for a receipt for a coating for sheep, after they were sheared. I had one that was in the Maine Farmer some years ago, but have lost it; will you please publish it again? The first article in the receipt was fish oil, and the last was tar. I think, Friend Taber used it the last year before he left us, and was well pleased with it as a protection from the sun, and also to keep off the flies. J. F. HENKOWELL.  
China, June 9, 1888.

NOTE. The article referred to, as formerly published in the Farmer, is the following:—  
It is customary among the best wool growers of Europe, and with some in America, to smear their sheep after being sheared, with some sort of ointment. The object of this is to kill any ticks that may be upon them, to heal any accidental cuts that may be made while shearing, and to ward off the attacks of flies. Several receipts are given by English authors for this purpose. One of them is:—1 lb. of arsenic, 12 lbs. of butter, 3 lbs. of bar soap, 2 bottles of fish oil. No doubt this would kill the insects, but we object to the use of arsenic. We wouldn't have it about anywhere on the farm.

Another, more simple, much safer, and we doubt not full as efficacious, is this,—equal parts of fish oil and tallow; a little tar may be added, sufficient to give a tarry odor to it, which will be offensive to flies. This preparation is also recommended to be used in winter, to aid in warding off the effects of the weather, but if sheep have a chance to run under sheds and keep dry, there is not great need of it.

One writer who recommends highly the oil, tallow and tar, says it may be applied when thick, by being taken up by the thumb and finger, and spread along the back, and worked amongst the wool, and when thin, the palm of the hand, in a hollow shape, is used for lifting and pouring it on and working it in. We have no doubt some application of this kind would be of great benefit to sheep in fly time.

**FURTHER EXPERIENCE IN BUTTER MAKING.**

The Ohio Cultivator copied into its columns, from the Maine Farmer, Mrs. Winchester's prize essay on butter making. In its last number we have the following remarks upon the same subject:—

We were interested in the prize essay, by Mrs. Winchester, on butter making. Our experience and reading convince us that cows differ very much in regard to the quality of the milk they produce, and we agree that proper quality and quantity of food, together with good water and salt, has much to do with producing quality and quantity, and not forgetting the time and attention to milking, churning, and working of the butter. We believe cows should be milked and attended at regular hours, to yield the greatest profit, and that milk should be exposed to the best of air at all times. The cooler milk is kept while raising cream, the better, so it does not freeze. We are satisfied that the temperature of the cream before, and while churning, varies the color, as well as the flavor of the butter. We agree with Mrs. Winchester, that it is best to keep milk cool, and save the cream before it sours or becomes rancid; but when she asserts that cream must be slightly acid, before it will make butter, milk sweet, cream sweet, butter-milk and butter, all sweet; and with the old-fashioned, up and down dasher churn, of common size, we want about fifteen minutes to churn from 6 to 10 pounds of sweet butter; and with sufficient number of good cows, we would not churn butter with acid cream, or butter-milk. We presume that many eat butter from sour cream, unnecessarily so for want of better experience, more than from the kind of motion or churn used. We like the old-fashioned airy churn, and quick motion, to make the butter come right. \*\*\*

A correspondent of Emery's Jour. of Agriculture writes like one who knows, and we extract the following items:

Milk should be strained, as soon as it can be brought in the buttery or cellar, and I am of opinion, that if milk of several cows is a little mixed, it will produce butter of a more uniform color; six or ten quart pans made of tin are in common use; glass would be better. Milk should not sour under thirty-six hours, if in a right temperature; if it does, your pans have not been well scalded and cleaned. When your cream is taken from the milk, let the milk pass along with it in the cream pan. Milk should not sour, and cream should not be of the consistency of sola leather.

The churning should be done every day in a dairy where there are eight cows or more. At a temperature of sixty-two degrees, butter will come (if the cows have salt regularly) in about thirty minutes. I would not have it sooner if I could; churns that propose to bring butter in five minutes are a humbug.

**Washing butter.** It has been, and perhaps still is, thought an open question, whether it is necessary or even proper to wash butter; but I deny it. It is a settled point, a fixed fact, that butter should be washed if it is intended to be packed. All through the dairy counties of New York, washing is thought indispensable to make a good article for packing. Immediately after washing, place the butter in a large wooden bowl, spread it well out, and add about an ounce of salt to the pound. "Liverpool Blown" or "Turk's Island" is best; if New York salt is used, the "solar salt" is preferable; the other contains lime, which injures butter; let it stand twelve hours, pour over so as to thoroughly mix the salt, pour off what brine will come out, notice that it is entirely free from milk, and pack immediately, taking care to well cover your firkin. A churning of butter which does not correspond, from heat or other cause, in color or flavor with what has been packed, should be sold or used in the family. The family supply should never be packed, but kept by itself; the sooner a firkin is filled the better, then place over the butter a clean damp linen, and salt an inch or so thick, and head up.

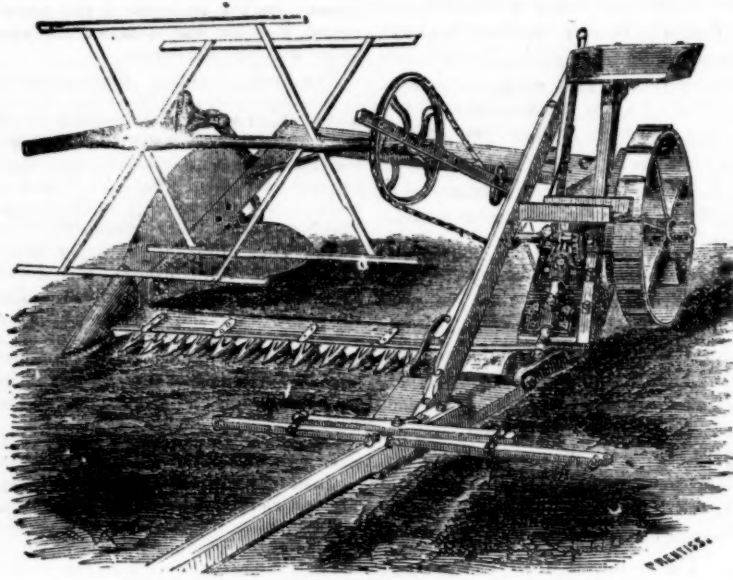
On this subject of washing butter, Hon. A. B. Dickinson of New York, in an article which we published June 1st, 1885, says:

"It may be said that many of the best butter makers do not wash their butter. Of this fact I am quite well aware, and in the vicinity of Philadelphia, where they make as good butter for immediate use as any where, they never wash their butter, nor do I believe it would be improved for immediate use there or here, by washing; but I do mean to say, that to work butter sufficiently to separate every particle of milk, so that it will keep a year, would destroy the grain and render it oily. After keeping a few months, it would exhibit the bad effect, and the longer it would be kept, the more perceptibly injurious would that effect be."

Taking rain water and wash, as soon as your churning is completed, all the milk from the butter. Be careful in washing to pull the butter over with a ladle so as not to affect the grain; then put it away in some sweet, cool place, out of the reach of any bad influence of which it can partake, until it has assumed its proper color; then work it over by hand and lay it down in your crock; and after it is laid down the same care must be taken to keep it through the season. A common farm cellar, with meats, fish and vegetables, would spoil, in sixty days, the best package of butter ever made."

And now we are discussing this butter question, we will add another item of our own, which is this: the cream should all be ripened before being put into the churn, so that all will "come" together. Ripen cream from the crock will churn in half the time that raw cream from the pans will, so that if new cream is put in with the old butter from it, because the ripe cream will come before the new cream is half churned, and this latter goes mainly into the butter-milk. This is why butter-milk from fresh cream is so much richer than that from old ripe cream from the crock.

**GRUB IN SHEEP.** Take some chamber-ley and Scotch snuff, and a good syringe; put your sheep in a pen, and stick their heads through a hole in the fence, made on purpose, and let a person on the outside squirt the liquid in each nostril. The solution may be made strong enough to work well through the syringe.



Manny's Improved Mower and Reaper.

**MANNY'S MOWING MACHINE.**

A few years ago, a mowing machine was considered a mere *ideal*, and the man who talked about it considered as a *visionary*. Now they have become a *fact*, and in the haying season you can often hear them rattling through the fields, and see the grass fall before them like the flow of a stream of water.

The inventive genius of the country has become quite excited upon the subject, and we are likely to have as many patent mowers and reapers as there are churns and washing machines. So much the better, if they be only efficient and economical workers. But among the multitude offering themselves to the patronage of the farmer, he must in the first place be satisfied that the principle be good, and in the next place see that the construction of the machine, both as it regards material and workmanship, be such as to carry out in every particular the principle applied.

The above cut represents Manny's "Improved Premium Mower." This machine has been in operation several years, and others having by actual practice ascertained its early defects, improved it from time to time, until they now consider it perfect in principle, at least. It received the highest premium as the best mower on the field, at the great exhibition of mowers and reapers in Syracuse, last year.

The mowing machine is slowly coming into use in Maine. There are many, very many, fields where it can be used successfully, and very many more where the old scythe must be swung by hand. But in using the machine on the farm, we gain more time to use the scythe upon the latter, so we commend the use of a machine in every neighborhood.

**WAR WITH THE CUCULIUS.**

War having been decided upon against the cuculi in consequence of their annual depredations on the plum trees, arrangements were made in due season to attack them in their strongholds. On reconnoitering, they were found lodged in about a dozen enclosures. The first appearance of the enemy was June 13th, when the plums were fairly dry of the dried up blossom. The field battery consisted of a large syringe of thirty feet range, mounted on a moveable and easily adjusted pivot, which has the peculiar merit of being changed in any direction by the mere force of the will.

An attack was immediately planned on the little Redan, just at night,—the missiles consisted of oil of repeated discharges of a compound made by dissolving a little flour paste in water, and then stirring in calined plaster and a teaspoonful of kerosene; all the other forts were attacked in succession, and no farther depredations were noticed till June 18th, when they again made their appearance in the Imperial Gage fort. The mode of attack was somewhat changed. Calined plaster mixed with water was employed, but with little effect.

June 19, repeated the kerosene with common plaster, which stopped their depredations for that night. On going among them with a dark lantern at half-past nine, I found one exhibiting a very uneasy manner as he walked over a plum covered with the cement. Placed sheets under their strongholds, and knocked many of them into it, and secured them as prisoners of war. This was done by a night attack.

In the daytime they are encoined in their rifle pits between and around the forts, though I found one couple in the day time, seated on a branch, making arrangements to repair losses. June 21. During Sunday night they had made fearful ravages on Mr. McLaughlin,—made an attack with wood naphtha mixed with water, but they did not seem to be arrested in their course, for Fort Lombard suffered severely. June 22. Made another attack with white-wash, which has done well for two days. June 23. The result seems yet doubtful. All the modern appliances of war have been made use of, but they are a night enemy, and work busily when one wishes to sleep. I am satisfied that they are active throughout the night. If I had kerosene in abundance I would mix it with white-wash and try it. It is hard to retreat in disgrace without compelling a surrender, or demolishing the great and little Redan.

Their appearance has been in the following order on the Canada Plum, Imperial Gage, McLaughlin, Lombard, and lastly on the Jefferson Plum. We must learn more of their habits before we can most successfully subdue them. The idea is a useless one, in my opinion, to think we can stop their ravages by destroying the plums affected, or by knocking them down from the trees. This may answer for a single night, but the truth is the land is full of them as with other insects.

I did not raise twenty plums last year, while my neighbor, I. Cross, raised, last year and the year previous, large quantities of them, and displayed them most provokingly on his way to market.

Bethel, June 24, 1888.

COAX can be planted for table use, up to the 10th or 15th of July. Those who luxuriate in this—one of the finest products of the garden—should plant at intervals of two weeks, just sufficient for their daily supply.

**THE AROOSTOOK—ITS MERITS AND ITS WANTS.**

MR. EDITOR:—Feeling a deep interest in the prosperity of Maine, and that it is important, that not only our own citizens, but people out of the State, should have accurate information and right views of our agricultural interests, I write to say, that our earnest efforts, as well as those of others, have produced a most favorable impression. Many, in consequence of reading the Farmer, (and the State of Maine, by its able editor, John A. Poor, Esq., is also deserving of great credit), have been induced to visit the Aroostook, and with their own eyes they have been disappointed. They are more than satisfied. As a farming country, it is the garden of Maine, and the West has nothing superior to it. Two of our citizens, Messrs. Whidden and Calf, have just returned from a thorough personal examination, and both unite in strong expressions of commendation of that whole region. Mr. Calf is a practical farmer, a man of property, and very cautious in word and act, a good judge, and one whose opinion may be relied upon. He has also travelled much in the West, and spent several months in Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois, and he authorizes me to say that our Aroostook, in his judgment, is far preferable, as a farming region, to any place in the West that he ever examined; and he advises all persons in search of the very best farming land to go to the Aroostook.

He says the immigration there this season is astonishing, and daily increasing. He can see no drawback but the difficulty of going and returning. If a railroad can be built into that country, so as to facilitate communication and aid in the transportation of goods, and their surplus products, he thinks the population of Aroostook would be quadrupled in a short time.

Mr. C. has resided in Orono but some six or eight months, and has never before felt much interest in a railroad; but he now says one is needed and must be built to the Aroostook.

Way will not all our good people unite on this one object, and make it the business of the fall campaign. Let Maine and her interests, for once, be the highest object; and let politics and politicians be laid on the shelf. Now is the day and now is the hour. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will accomplish the object at once, and it should not be delayed. The whole State, and not a particular portion, will thus be enriched and benefited.

If my will could control, no member of the Legislature should be returned next winter, who is not openly and boldly spoken in favor of, and ready to act for, a railroad to the Aroostook, and a practical development of the resources of Maine.

Orono, June 21, 1888.

**SHADE IN PASTURES.**

MR. EDITOR:—I have a pasture of twenty acres, without any shade at all. I should like to know if it would be for my interest to erect some sheds, in order to keep the sun from my stock?

A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE. Why doesn't our friend ask his cattle? Suppose he should put up a shed or two, and let his cattle decide whether they will go under it or not, when the thermometer is up to 90°.

We have a pasture in the above predicament, and we find a shade of some sort must be provided soon, or the pasture abandoned. [Ed.]

**HOOSAC TUNNEL.** Mr. Haupt informs the Troy Times that the Troy and Boston Railroad, from Troy to North Adams, will be completed within six months from this time. Some 400 men are at work in the tunnel and on the line of the road. On the east side 800 feet has been cut through, though some 300 feet of this requires to be dug out, and that work is now going on. The terms of the State loan are that on the completion of six miles of the road and 1000 feet of the tunnel, \$100,000 is to be advanced by Massachusetts. This amount will soon be realized; and this attained, there will be no difficulty in reaching the remainder of the loan by the successive steps required. On the west side, some 300 feet has been excavated. A limestone section has been reached and the work is slower, but this will be cut through in the course of a couple of months and there will be fair working again. With full force distributed each side of the mountain, 40 feet is excavated per week, by the present hand process; but machinery will not doubt be applied to this great work in the course of a few months, that will accomplish four times the amount executed by hand labor within a given period.

**INTERESTING TO LOVERS OF FINE STOCK.** The Boston Cultivator of May 29 reports the sale of a yearling colt by Mr. Lambert Maynard of Bradford, Mass., for fifteen hundred dollars. This is the highest price we have seen quoted for so young a colt, and we have taken the trouble, therefore, to learn from the best authority his pedigree. He was foaled May 16, 1887, and is called "Young Children." He was sired by "Trotting Children" (a noted horse, bred by Hill's Vermont Black Hawk), and had for his dam "Lady Forrest," or Maynard Mare.

**SOILING vs. PASTURING.**

Soiling, or the practice of cutting green fodder and supplying it to cows, cattle, horses, &c., in summer, in distinction from the more common practice of pasturing them, is probably neglected more than it should be, and more, also, than it would be, if its advantages and conveniences were more justly and generally considered.—When the question comes up before the farmer's mind—shall I pasture all my cows, cattle and horses, or shall I take some of the land that would be needed if pastured, and raise thereon large crops of grain or some marketable crops, which I could do if I adopted the practice of soiling them? When the choice between pasturing or soiling presents itself in such a form as the above, or in some other forms, which will readily occur to our readers without our occupying time and space in specifying them, then the first thing usually thought of is the expense, trouble, or other inconvenience or disadvantage of soiling. These very promptly suggest themselves—much more than the counterbalancing advantages—and unless some effort has been made to find out the latter, or unless they have been made evident and brought strikingly under observation by the manifest success of some neighbor or friend who has practiced soiling for some time, the former will obtain more weight in the decision than they may be justly entitled to. If the other side of the choice—viz., the advantages of soiling—were as readily thought of or as palpably manifest, it seems highly probable that the decision to adopt or at least make a trial of soiling, would more frequently be made. We are persuaded that if some one well acquainted with all the details and advantages of soiling were to visit for consultation all the farmers of a county, township or district, he would find a great number of cases in which he could recommend it as altogether superior and more profitable than pasturing, and that he would succeed in demonstrating this to the satisfaction of many. Being thus persuaded, we feel it as a duty which we owe to our readers, to make a part of our paper a substitute as far as possible for such a consulting agriculturist, and to present for their consideration that side of the question which they are most apt to overlook and under-estimate when deliberating upon the respective merits and advantages of depending upon ordinary pasturing, and of making provision for summer feeding, in whole or in part, by the practice of soiling.

Let it be distinctly understood that we are very far from considering soiling preferable to pasturing in all cases; and we would not willingly lose any countenance whatever to such an absurdity. But we are firmly convinced that there are some cases in which soiling would be superior in profit, &c., to ordinary pasturing; and as the superior practice is neglected in several of the cases in which it might be adopted with advantage, we are moved by the hope of benefiting such persons to lay before them some of the considerations which should be duly pondered when a decision is to be made as to the best mode of providing food for cows, &c., during summer, or in other words, between soiling and pasturing. The time consumed, and the trouble and expense incurred, in cutting and carrying grass or other green fodder to the cows, &c., in their yards or stables, are usually the first things that present themselves when soiling is proposed or taken into consideration as a substitute for pasturing, and the imagination generally magnifies these items to such a degree that the question seems to be settled at once. The time, trouble, and expense of driving to and from pasture are usually forgotten, ignored, or kept out of sight. Upon this subject one who has practiced soiling, and knows whereof he affirms, has given the following testimony in our volumes for 1887, (see Cult. page 271, and Co. Gen. July 30): "I have found by actual experience, that I can feed my cows right and morning as quick as I can drive them to and from pasture, and the time spent in feeding at noon is paid one hundred fold by the manure saved by keeping them yarded."

If the whole of the article from which the above is quoted be read and candidly considered, some other prejudices and objections against soiling will probably be greatly abated or entirely disappear, and the mind be thus prepared for a fair consideration of such advantages as we are now to suggest. Let the reader, therefore, turn to that article—"My Mode of Farming"—and then consider candidly the following points of superiority of soiling over pasturing: 1. Soiling requires much less land than pasturing, by which means more cows—three or four times more—can be kept on the same area, or more be taken for tilling. 2. Fewer fences are required, and thus a great saving may be effected. 3. The waste of food incident to pasturing may all be prevented by soiling. 4. The condition and comfort of cows, &c., are greater and better by soiling than by grazing. 5. Cows also give more milk; especially in a time of drought, when pastures fail more or less. 6. Perhaps the greatest advantage of soiling arises from the greater quantity of manure which it enables the farmer to make.

With this very brief mention of the chief points wherein soiling has a superiority to pasturing, we leave the subject for the present.

[Country Gentleman.]

**COMMON TURNIPS** may be sown from the middle of July to the middle of August. We prefer the last week in July, if the weather is not too dry. Almost every farmer has patches of rich low ground, where the young corn has been destroyed by the wet weather of the past month, and such ground is generally well suited for turnips, if well plowed and pulverized. Or what is better still, clear up a piece of new ground, where free from grass and weeds, and after plowing or well harrowing, sow the seed at the rate of one pound to the acre, and cover with a brush harrow.

**A LARGE ROOM.** It is stated that the largest room that was ever constructed is that in which the tobacco stores are kept at the London docks. The room is said to cover nearly six acres, being, of course, under one roof. It is a curious circumstance that this enormous apartment should be devoted to an article of mere luxury.

**DAILY WORK.**

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags from dread of daily work,  
And his appointed task would shrink,  
Commit a folly and an crime;  
A scold's curse—  
A paltry knave—  
A clog upon the wheels of time,  
With work to do and store of wealth,  
The man's unworthy to be free,  
Who will not give,  
That he may live,  
His daily toil for daily ten.  
Not let us work! We only ask  
Reward proportioned to our task;  
We have no quarrel with the great—  
No feud with rank—  
With mill or bank—  
No envy of a lord's estate.  
If we can earn sufficient store,  
To satisfy our daily need,  
And can retain,  
For age and pain,  
A fraction, we are rich indeed.  
No dread of toil have we or ours,  
We know our worth and weigh our powers;  
The more we work, the more we win;  
Success to trade!  
Success to spade!  
And to the corn that's coming in!  
And joy to him, who, o'er his hill,  
Remembers toll to nature's plan;  
Who, working, thinks,  
And never sinks  
His independence as a man!  
Who only asks for humblest wealth,  
Enough for competence and health;  
And leisure when his work is done  
To read his book  
By chimney nook,  
Or stroll at setting of the sun;  
Who tells as every man should tell,  
For fair reward, erect and free.  
These are the men—  
The best of men—  
These are the men we mean to be.

**THE CATTLE TRADE OF OHIO.**

The cattle trade of Ohio has grown very extensively of late years. In 1855 the State sent 32,000 head to New York city, and in 1857, 50,000 head, besides some 10,000 sent to Philadelphia, and many to Baltimore. At least 70,000 head of cattle were sent to these three cities in 1857. The hog trade, as we gather from an exchange, is far greater; and notwithstanding that the number of live and dressed hogs exported from the State has, in the past few years, increased rapidly, the numbers packed at Cincinnati have not declined. According to the annual report of the commissioner of statistics, just published, the aggregate value of farm products is \$132,700,000, and the net profits \$57,800,000. The price of wood for fuel varies from \$1.60 to \$2.75 per cord, and is highest in counties through which main lines of railway pass, on account of the vast quantities of wood consumed by the locomotives. These roads consume annually the product of twelve thousand acres of land. Farm labor is uniformly high, the average wages being \$15 per month and board. This is owing to growth of towns and manufactures, which steadily causes the agricultural supply to diminish, so that large farmers are only able to secure their crops by the use of machinery. There are 3000 steam engines, equivalent to 40,000 horse power, 2,000 grist mills, 8,749 saw mills, 175 planing mills, and 70 oil mills. In 1857 there were made by the principal factories 8000 agricultural machines.

**NEW PROCESS OF PULLING TEETH.** The editor of the Baltimore Patriot has recently been witnessing the trial of a new process of extracting teeth, by which it was stated the operation would cause no pain. The trial was made at the College of Dental Surgery, at Baltimore, and the operators were Drs. Harris and Arthur. It is said to have been the most satisfactory trial of the kind ever witnessed. A number of teeth were extracted, and the patients declare they received no pain, but experienced a numbing sensation about the tooth. This soothing is produced by passing a current of electricity through the tooth at the time of extracting.

**BUGS ON VINES.** I have heard much complaint about bugs among vines, especially the striped bug. Prevention is better than cure. I will tell you how I stop their ravages. In the fall of 1855, I raked up all the rubbish of my garden, including squash and cucumber vines, and burnt them. The next spring I found no bugs on my vines, while my neighbors' were destroyed. I have practiced it since, and have not been troubled except now and then by a stray one from my neighbors' gardens. [N. E. Farmer.]

**AUSTRALIAN HEAT.** The Sunter (S.C.) Watchman publishes the following extract from a private letter dated Adelaide, Feb. 18, 1858: "I can assure you we have nearly been roasted alive; we have had ten days and nights of the hottest weather remembered for several years past. The heat at noon in the shade was 136° to 146°, according to situation, and during the night it was never less than 94° to 106° in doors. The hot wind never ceased blowing, and the innumerable deaths from *coup de soleil* have been appalling in the extreme."

**SINGULAR PEAKS OF DARK POMONA.** The Concord (N. H.) Statesman says that an apple tree in that city, after having borne its blossoms fully and formed the incipient apples, has borne on the extremity of one of its branches a full blown white rose, or at least a flower which resembles a rose in form of its leaves, and odor. The Worcester Transcript mentions that an apple tree in that city has borne a flower which has the double leaves, the full size and white color of the rose without its petals, while its other characteristics are those of the apple tree bud.

**FAMILY GOVERNMENT.** There are many persons who have heard so much of family government that they think there cannot be too much of it. They imprison their children in still rooms, where a fly is a hand of music in the empty silence, and govern at morning, and govern at night; and the child goes all day long like a shuttle in the loom, back and forward, hit at both ends. Children subjected to such treatment are apt to grow up infidels, through mere disgust.

**THE FECUNDITY OF FLIES.**

The flies are beginning to become numerous and troublesome. The streets and the houses will soon be full of them. The ingenuity of man has not yet invented agents that can destroy them as fast as they come. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known that from a single fly more than two millions of these pests are produced in one summer. The rapidity and multiplicity with which they increase may be learned from the following table, which we find in the N. York Evening Post:—  
A fly lays four times during the summer, each eighty eggs, which makes 320  
Half of these are supposed to be females, so that each of the four broods produces forty:  
1. First eighth, or the forty females of the first brood, also lay four times in the course of the summer, which makes 12,800  
The first eighth of these, or 1,600 females, three times 384,000  
The second eighth twice 256,000  
The third and fourth eighth at least once each 256,000  
2. The second eighth, or the forty females of the second brood, lay three times, the produce of which is 9,600  
One sixth of these, or 1,600 females, three times 256,000  
The second sixth twice 128,000  
The third sixth, once 256,000  
3. The third eighth, or the forty females of the third brood, lay twice, and produce 6,400  
One fourth of these, or 1,600 females, lay twice more 256,000  
4. The fourth eighth, or forty females of the fourth brood, once 3,200  
Half these, or 1,600 females at least once 256,000  
Total produce of a single fly in one summer 2,060,320

**STEAM CULTURE.** The steam-plow would appear to be nearer a realization than many might suppose. The Salisbury failures are already forgotten, or satisfactorily explained. Mr. Smith, of Woolston, has now, it is said, upwards of thirty of his implements in use. Mr. Fowler still continues to work by contract; while Mr. Romaine is in better heart than ever as to the success of his scheme. The great test of such a process is becoming practically susceptible of an application. There is to be economy in every possible way—a saving of money, labor, and time. The work, too, is to be better done and the results proportionately greater. Mr. Smith, Mr. Mechi, or Mr. Fowler will either of them testify to a quarter more per acre, where steam power has superseded that of horses. The improvements of late have been, in fact, so striking, that we are told to look upon the experiment as accomplished. Mr. Smith has sold his cart horses, and talks not only of what he himself, but what his "brother farmers," are doing. Mr. Fowler is yet more decisive in his dicta,—as far as steam-plowing was concerned, he considered his task done. [Mark Lane Express, (London).]

**AUSTRALIAN FLOWERS.** Colonel Mundy tells us that the native rose has the color but no other resemblance to the European genus of flowers. It is one of the few field flowers possessing any odor. Wafted on the passing gale, it commends itself pleasantly to the senses; but strange enough, on close acquaintance, these mingles with the rich perfume an undoubted smell of fox! a scent which however productive of rapture "in the field," is hardly adapted to the boudoir. In the lowlands of the Botany scrub I noticed a crimson and orange flower, like the fox-glove in form, very handsome, but so hard and horny in texture, that the blossoms actually ring with a clear metallic sound as the breeze shakes them. It might be the fairies' dinner bell, calling them to dew ambrosia! But, alas! there are no "good people" in Australia! no one ever heard of a ghost, a bogie, or a fetish here.

**TRAP FOR SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.** Make a pen of fence rails, beginning with four, so as to have it square, and as you build it, draw in each rail as you would the sticks of a partridge trap, until your pen is of sufficient height, say five feet. In this way you will construct a pen that, when finished, will permit a dog to enter at the top at pleasure, but out of which he will find it difficult to escape, should he have the agility of an antelope. All that you have to do to catch the dog that has killed your sheep, is to construct the trap where a sheep is lost, as directed, as soon as possible after an attack has been made on your flock; put a part or the whole of a sheep that has been killed, in it, and remove the balance to some field. In a majority of cases the rogue and murderer will return the succeeding night, or perhaps the next, and you will have the gratification next morning of finding him securely imprisoned. [Southern Planter.]

**RECIPE FOR BEER.—Temperance Beer.** Boil for about five minutes or over, a small handful of hops in 4 or 6 quarts of water, when cool to blood heat, strain off the hops, add to the liquor one teaspoonful of cream tartar; one teaspoon of molasses; one of yeast. Let stand about 24 hours—it is then fit for use—will keep good but two or three days.

**Ginger Beer.** For 1 gallon of boiling water, take 1 lb. loaf sugar; 1 oz. best ginger; 1 oz. cream tartar; 4 oz. tartaric acid—when nearly cold, add 1 tablespoonful yeast and 20 or 30 drops essence lemon. Then bottle and cork tight. In two days it will be fit for use.

[Rural New Yorker.]

**COOKING OLD POTATOES.** The following method of cooking old potatoes at this season of the year is recommended by Mrs. H. N. W., of Freeport, Illinois: "I pare the potatoes, about an hour before boiling, and then soak them in cold water until they are to be cooked. The water must be boiling before they are put in, and a little salt is added. When fully cooked the water is poured off, then the kettle or pot is placed on the stove, with the lid removed, to allow the moisture to evaporate. By this method of cooking potatoes, I have never failed to render them dry and mealy."

**CORING CLOVER WITH LIME.** Cut your clover when the flowers begin to turn. Put it into casks before the leaves begin to crumble. Let it stand in cask a day or two to cure. Then cart it in and sprinkle well slacked lime over it at the rate of two quarts to a ton. This will save it from moulding, and the stock will eat it better. So says some recent writer.











## Reading for the Fourth.

## THE YANKEE TEA-PARTY.

BY MISS R. F. GOULD.

King George sat on his family throne,  
The lord of the Isles that were fairly his own;  
And might have sufficed, had his majesty known  
The folly of coveting more.

But seeking a tribute his pomp to maintain,  
He reached o'er the island to grasp at the main—  
Intending his officers should drink with the gain  
That was brought from a distant shore.

And when he had summoned in solemn array  
His military round him, to canvass a way  
In which he might make the Americans pay  
The cost of the royal court.

"Our liege," said they, "there's many a ship  
That might be sent out on an Indian trip,  
And freighted with tea for the new world to sip,  
And do it for our support."

"This done," said the king, "it's a good bright thought,  
For that will be sponging so easily brought,  
That the ships shall with Indian leaves be freighted  
And sent to our subjects' aid."

"We'll make Columbia swallow our tea,  
And pay her duty far over the sea,  
On every penny for our powers that be  
To put in her royal hand."

And so in due season, and true British state,  
As the ships rowed up their well packed freight,  
To the shores of the western world,  
This order imperial echoed around:

"The tea must be bought, and the buyer is bound  
To pay us a duty on every pound."  
While the canvas in ports was furled.

But "No!" said the Friends of the city of Penn,  
"George is a mortal, and Quakers are men!  
Your leaves may float o'er the ocean again,  
For soberly we protest—"

We never will open a traitorous door,  
To let such a cargo come to shore;  
Unseated, unopened, withdrawn from our shore  
The treasures of every chest."

And "No!" was the word, at the place of the Dutch,  
"This gridding our faces a little too much,  
Broad as they be, and your tea shall not touch  
Our land while we sit it to bed."

For the duty we owe to our God and the throne,  
Is not to be crushed by a foot like our own,  
And that of the Britons is no overgrown,  
We'll have it more tightly shod."

But the spirited Yankees knew just the thing  
That would suit them, if it didn't the king,  
And when the proud sails came flying to bring  
Their freight o'er the glassy bay,

They met and agreed that 'twould not be right,  
His majesty's offer of tea to reject;  
For they viewed the affair in a national light,  
As they showed in a national way.

They met in a council and formed a band,  
Arrayed like the children that sprang from the land,  
In blanket and feather, with hatchet in hand,  
With their faces and limbs o'erlaid

With a copper-brown coating of paint, they took  
Their way to the ship, while the tumultuous shock,  
And the wild howl rose, while the tumultuous shock,  
Against the form of their trade.

"Come," said the visitors, "now for our tea,  
We'll take it on deck, if you please, and see  
(Of Gumpster, Gumpster, Gumpster, Gumpster, Gumpster,  
Which flavor we like the best.)"

Then box after box came open clacked,  
And lid after lid was smitten and cracked,  
As the red hand worked and the tumultuous backed,  
And entered each odoriferous chest.

"This," said the company, "this is the way  
That we, the Yankees, are going to pay  
Our duty on tea, and help to defray  
The cost of the royal cup."

We are going to leave every pound to steep,  
With its impurities in the boiling deep,  
And the good strong brew, where we guess 'twill keep  
Till the Parliament draws it up."

Then over the sides of the ship they poured  
The treasures of every box on board;  
It hissed as it fell to the deck was flooded  
With the leaves of the Indian tree.

"We'll let," they cried, "old England know,  
That bending too much they may break the bow;  
For Columbia's spirit can't stoop so low  
As three pence a pound on tea!"

## The Story Teller.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

## SALLY PARSONS' DUTY.

CHAPTER I.

The sun that shines on eastern Massachusetts,  
Specially on butternuts and dandelions,  
Looks down on no greener fields in these days than that  
In the spring of 1775, fenced in and fenced off  
By the zigzag snaky fences of 'Zekiel Parsons' farm.

"About this time," as almanacs say, young  
orchards were misty with bud, red maples on  
the highway shone in the clear light, and a row  
of bright tin pans at the shed door of the farm  
house testified to a sturdy arm and skillful hand  
within—arm and hand both belonging to no less  
a person than Miss Sally, 'Zekiel Parsons' only  
daughter, and the prettiest girl in Westbury;

a short, sturdy, rosy little maid, with her hair like  
a ripe chestnut shell, bright blue eyes full of  
mischief, and such a sunny, healthy, common  
sense character, one is almost afraid to tell of it,  
is so out of date now.

But of what use is it to describe her? How  
can I impress upon moderns how enlivening and  
refreshing was her aspect, as she span, or secured  
pans, in a liney woolsey petticoat and white  
short gown, wearing her pretty curls in a crop?  
George Tucker knew it all without telling; and  
so did all a dozen of the Westbury boys; who  
haunted the picket fence round 'Zekiel's  
garden every moonlight night in summer, or  
scrapped their feet by the half hour together on  
his doorstep in winter evenings.

It is a flaw. And you landlubbers are going to  
leeward, some on ye."  
"You don't say! What be you a hinting at?"  
"Well, there's a real blow down to Bostin,  
Zekie; there's no more gettin out o' harbor with  
our old sloop; she's been and got some 'tarnal  
lawyer's job spliced to her bows, an' she's laid  
up to dry; but that's a peasy small part o' judg-  
ment. Bostin is full o' them Brits, an' our skipper  
done suttin' he hadn't oughter, and I tell ye, the  
end o' things is 'bout comin' on here!"

Sally, in the chimney corner, heard Long  
Snaps with open eye, and, hitching her wooden  
chair nearer, inquired solemnly—  
"What do you mean, Mr. Snaps? Is the  
end of the world comin' here?"

"Bless your pretty little finger head, Sally, I  
don't know as it is, but 'tarnal 'nigh about as bad  
as comin'." Them Brits is not out fur to her  
under hatches, or else walk the plank; and  
they're durned mistook, of they think me is go-  
ing to be steered blind, and can't blow up the  
cap'n no rate. There aint a man in Ameriky but  
what's got suttin' to fight fur, afore he'll gin in  
to sea tyrants, and it'll come to fightin', yet,  
afore long."

"Oh my! oh goody! the land's sake! you don't  
mean ter say that, Long?" wofully screeched  
Aunt Polly, whose ideas of war were derived in  
a great measure from the tattered copy of Josephus  
extant in the Parsons family; and who was at  
present calculating the probable effect of a bat-  
tering ram on their back buttery, and thinking  
how horrid it would be to eat up Uncle 'Zekiel  
in case of famine, even after long courses of rats  
and dogs.

"Well, I dew, Aunt Polly; there'll be some  
poppin' an' stickin' done in these parts, afore  
long."

"The Lord deliver us! an' the rest o' it!" de-  
voutly ejaculated Polly, whose piety exceeded her  
memory; whereas 'Zekiel, pulling on the other  
stocking that had hung suspended in his fingers,  
while the sailor doctored, exhorted a little him-  
self.

"Well, the Lord don't deliver nobody, without  
they wriggle for themselves; pretty consider'ble  
well fust. This aint the newest news to me; I  
have been expectin' on't a long spell, and I have  
talked consider'ble with Westbury folks about  
it, and there aint a nobody much round here but  
what will stand out agin the Brits, exceptin'  
'Zekiel's folks; they are deap'r fur Church  
and King; they tell us of the Lord gin the gin  
and a special license to set up in a big chair and  
recreation; and they think it is particular sin to  
speak as though he could git askew anyhow."

Now I believe the Lord lets folks find out what  
he does, out o' Scripture; and I aint found noth-  
ing yet to tell about kings being better than  
their neighbors, and it don't look as if this king  
was as clever as common. I spose yew heered  
what Colony Congress doin', have ye, Snaps?"

"Well no, I aint. They was a layin' to, last  
I heered, so's to settle their course; I expect they  
have heaved up and let go by this; but I aint  
seen no signals."

"Dear me!" interrupted Sally; "a real war  
comin', and I aint sayin' but a woman!"  
Her cheek and eyes glowed with a fervent feel-  
ing as she said this, and the old sailor, turning  
round, surveyed her with a grin of honest admi-  
ration.

"Wall said, gal! but you're out o' yer reck-  
onin' of you think women aint nothin' in war  
time. I tell ye, them is the craft as sails afore  
the wind and does the signalin' to all the  
fleet. When gals is full-rigged an' tonguey,  
they are reg'lar pre-gangs to twist your  
fellers round and make 'em sail under the  
right colors. Stick to the ship, Miss Sally;  
give a heave at the windlass now and then,  
and don't let nary one o' them fellers that  
comes, a buzzin' round you the hull time turn  
his back on Yankee Doodle and you won't never  
hanker to be a man, or it is war time!"

Sally's eyes burnt bluer than before.  
"Thank you kindly, Mr. Snaps. I am  
obliged to you for putting the good thought  
into my head. (If I don't suster George Tucker;  
the playguy Tory!)"

This parenthesis was mental, and Sally went  
off to bed with a busy brain; but the sleep of  
youth and health quieted it; and if she dreamed  
of George Tucker in regiments, I am afraid  
they were flagrant militia scarlet—the buff and  
blue were not distinctive yet. However, for the  
next week Sally heard enough revolutionary  
doctrine to revive her Sunday night enthusiasm;  
the flame of "successful rebellion" had spread,  
the country began to stir and hum ominously;  
people assembled in groups, on corners, by church  
steps, around tavern doors, with faces full of  
portent and expectation; plows stood idly in the  
fields, and the rowed horses, that should of  
heavy drag had the reluctant share through  
heavy clay and abounding stones, now hestriden  
by breathless couriers, scoured the country  
hither and yon with news, messages, and orders  
from those who had taken the right to order out  
of the hands of sleep and positive officials.

Now were Westbury people like to wake up  
to the great world. Everybody in the pretty,  
traquill village, small now no more,  
declared themselves open to one side or the  
other; Peter Tucker and his son George for the  
king of course; and this open avowal caused a  
sufficiently pungent scene in Miss Sally Parsons'  
keeping room the very next Sunday night, when  
the aforesaid George, in company with several of  
his peers, visited the farm house for the laudable  
purpose of sparking Miss Sally.

There were three other youths there, besides  
George, all stout for the Continental side of the  
question, and full of eager but restrained zeal,  
ready to take up arms at a moment's notice,  
equally ready to wait for the ripened times.

Of such men were those armies made up that  
endured with a woman's patience and fought  
with a man's fury, righting a great wrong, as  
much by moral as by physical strength, and going  
to death for the right, when death, pitiless and  
inevitable, stared them in the face.

Long Snaps had been, in his own phrase,  
weather bound at Westbury, and was there still,  
safe in the chimney corner, his shrewd face  
pecked with thought and care, his steady old  
head full of resolute bravery, and longing for the  
time to come—dint and steel ready to strike fire  
on the slightest collision. On the other side of  
the hearth sat 'Zekiel in his buttoned colored  
Sunday suit, the four young men ranged in a  
grin row of high backed wooden chairs, Sally,  
blooming as the roses on her chin's gown, oc-  
cupying one end of the settle, while Aunt Polly  
filled the rest of that institution with her ample  
hand to keep her hands still, in the un-  
customed idleness—may, if it must be told, re-  
spectfully keeping up a knitting with the  
fingers in lieu of the accustomed needles and  
yarn.

An awful silence reigned after the preliminary  
bows and scrapes had been achieved—first broken  
by George Tucker, who drew from under his  
chair a small basket of rednecked apples and  
handed them to Aunt Polly.

"Well, now, George Tucker!" exclaimed the  
benign spinster who drew best all for some  
o' season! keep 'em down sally I expect?"

"Ye'a'n, our saller is verry dry."

"Well, it had oughter. What kind be they?"  
"English pippins, marm."

"Dew tell! be you a-going to have one, Sally?"  
"No, Aunt Polly! I don't want any thin' Eng-  
lish round!"

"The three young men grinned and chuckled.  
George turned red.  
"Hooway for you, Sally!" You'er a three  
decker, of ever there was un!" sung out old  
Snaps.

Again George reddened, sidged on his chair,  
and at last said, in a disturbed but quite distinct  
voice—  
"I think the apples are good, Miss Sally, if  
the name does not suit you."

"The name is too bad to be good, sir," re-  
torted Sally, with a decided sniff and toss of the  
head.

Old 'Zekie gave a low laugh and interfered.  
"You see, George, those here times is curus. It  
wakes up the wimmen folks to her no tea, no  
no prospects up peace and quiet, so's to make  
bust and set hens."

"Oh father! do you think that is all that ails  
women? I would not care if I eat sump forever,  
and had nothing but saxafraz tea, but I can not  
stand by cool and see men driven like dumb  
beasts by another man, if he has got a crown,  
and never let speak for themselves!" burst out  
Sally.

Sally's logic was rather confused, but George  
got at the idea as fast as was necessary.  
"If it was a common man, Miss Sally; but a  
king is set up on high by the Lord, and we ought  
to obey what he sets over us."

"I don't see in Scripture yew git that idee,  
George," retorted 'Zekie.

"Well, it says in one place you are to obey  
them that has the rule over you, sir."

"So it do; but of the king aint got no rule  
over us, and it looks mighty like it jes now, why  
I do not see as we are bound to mind him!"

This astute little sophism confounded poor  
George for a minute, during which Sally began  
to giggle violently, and flit in her rustic fashion  
with the three rebels in a row. At length George,  
recovering his poise and clear sightedness, re-  
sumed—

"But he did rule over us, Mister Parsons, and  
I can not see how it is right to rebel."

"There don't be everything com' jes square about  
seem things, folks had better study by facts;  
sometimes that by yarns. It is just like yags; yew  
do 'no' sometimes what is ter pay with the com-  
pass; it will go all pinte ter once; mebbe some-  
body has got a hatchet near by, or some lubber's  
throwed a chain down by the binnacle, or  
some durned thing has got inside on it, or it has  
shipped a sea and got rusted; but there is all the  
Dipper and the North Star; they are allers true  
to their bearings, and yew can not go to Dary  
Jones' locker for want of a light so long as they  
are ahead. I kalkilate it is jes so about the king  
that; orders is verry well when they aint agin  
common sense and the rights up nater, but yew  
see, George Tucker, folk will go cordin to nater  
and reason, and there is forty parlyments and  
kings to tow. Nater is jes like a norwest squall,  
yew can't do nothin but tug against it, and no  
men is goin to stand still and see the wind  
taken out of their sails and their liberty flung to  
sharks, without one mutiny terk now why!"

"No, and no man that is a man will go agin  
the right and the truth just because the wrong  
is strongest!" burst out Sally, who had stopped  
flirting, and had been listening with soul and  
body to Long.

This little feminine insult was too much for  
George Tucker, particularly as he had not the  
least idea how his utterance burned Sally's lips,  
and made her heart ache. He got up from his  
chair with a very bitter look on his handsome  
face.

"I see I am likely to be scarce welcome here.  
I believe the king is my master, made so by the  
Lord, and I think it is my honest duty to obey.  
It hurts me to part otherwise than kind with friends,  
but I wish you a good night, and better judg-  
ment."

There was something so manly in his speech,  
that, but for its final dig and personality, every  
man in the room would have crowded round him  
to shake hands; but what man ever coolly heard  
his judgment impeached?

Sally swallowed a great round sob, but being,  
like all women, an actress in her way, bowed as  
calmly to Mr. George as if he only said adieu af-  
ter an ordinary call.

Aunt Polly snuffed, and followed George to the  
door; Uncle 'Zekie drew himself up straight and  
looked after him, his clear blue eyes sparkling  
with two ways—one of honest patriotic wrath,  
one of affection and regret for George; while  
Long, from the corner, eyed all with a serpent's  
wisdom in his gaze, oracularly uttering, as the  
door shut—

"Wall, that ar feller is good git!"  
"All the worse for us," growled Eliashub  
Sparks, the biggest of the three, surprising Sally  
into a little hysterical laugh, and surprising him-  
self still more at this unexpected sequel to his  
remark.

"Poity bad! George is a clever fellow. He  
aint got the rights on it, but I think he will come  
round by'n hy."

"I don't no, he is poity stiff, that ar feller.  
He is not on dooty, Lee; and that means suttin',  
when a man that oughter be called a man set it.  
Wimmen folks now don't sail on that tack. When  
a gal sets to talking about her dooty, it is allers  
utterly 'sane to take to do and haint got no grand  
excuse for it. Ye never see a woman that didn't  
git married for dooty yet; there aint nary one on  
our darses ter they wanted ter."

"Oh! Mister Long!" exclaimed Sally.  
"Well, Sally, it is nigh about so; you haint  
lived a hundred year. Some o' these days yew  
will know yer dooty."

Sally turned red, and the three young men  
nigged. It forgave the word, gentle and fair  
readers, it means what I mean, and no other  
word expresses it; let us be graphic and die!

Just then the meeting house bell rang for nine  
o'clock, and every man got up from his seat like  
a man of Anak, bowed, scraped, cleared his throat  
to say good night, did say something like it, and  
left.

"Well, Sally, I swear you are good at signal-  
in'!" broke out Long, as soon as the youths were  
fairly out of sight and sound; "you hev done it  
for George Tucker."

Sally gave no answer, but a brand from the  
back log fell, landed up in a shaft of grey flame,  
and showed a suspicious girl's glitter on the  
round, wholesome cheek. Aunt Polly had gone  
to bed; 'Zekie was going the nightly rounds of  
his barns to see to the stock; Long Snaps was  
aware of opportunity, the secret of success.

"Sally, is that feller sparkin' you?"  
Sally laughed a little, and something, perhaps  
the blaze, reddened her face.  
"I do not know," said the pretty hypocrite  
demurely.

"Hum, well, I do; and you aint never goin' to  
take up with a Tory? don't think it is yer dooty,  
hy?"  
"No, indeed! Do you think I would marry a  
Britisher? I would run away and live with the  
Indians first!"

"Poity good, poity good! you are kalkinat-  
ing to make George into a rebel I expect."

Long was looking into the fire when he said  
this; he did not see her look of rage and amaze-  
ment at this unpleasant penetration.

"I am sure I do not care what George Tucker  
thinks," said she, with a toss of her curly head.

"Hum, lucky! I expect he carries too many  
guns to be steered by a woman; it is a kinder  
pity you aint a man, Sally; mebbe you could  
argue him round then; it is plain as the Gulf  
of Mexico folks, that is a fact."

Oh, Long Snaps, Long Snaps, how many  
wires, in how many parts, went to the knowledge  
of feminine nature that dictated that speech?  
Sally set her lips. From that hour George Tucker  
was a doomed man; but she said nothing more  
audible than good night. Long looked at her as  
she lit the tallow dip by the fire, and chuckled  
when he heard her shut the milk room door in  
the safe distance. He was satisfied.

CHAPTER II.

The next afternoon Sally was weeding onions  
in the garden—heroinas did in those days—the  
current bushes had but just leafed out; so George  
Tucker, going by, saw her; and she, who had  
seen him coming before she began to weed, ac-  
cidentally, of course, looked up and gave him a  
very bright smile. That was the first thrill!

Of course he stopped, and said—  
"What a pleasant day!"—the saving phrase  
of life. Then Sally said something he could not  
hear, and he leaped the low fence without being  
asked, rather than request her to raise her voice;  
he was so considerate! Next he remembered  
just as he turned to go away, that there were  
some white violets down in the meadow, that  
Sally always liked. Could she spend time to  
walk down there across lots and get some. Sally  
told her onions could not be left. Truth to  
tell, her heart was in her mouth. She had been  
playing with edge tools; but just then she smelt  
a whiff of smoke from Long Snaps' pipe, and  
the resolve of last night came back; her face re-  
lented, and, George, seeing it, used his ut-  
most persuasiveness; so the result was, that Sally  
washed her hands at the well, and away they  
went, in the most serene silence, over fences, grass  
lots and ditches, through bits of woodland and  
fields of wintergreen, till they reached the edge  
of the great meadow, and sat down on a log to  
rest. It was rather a good place for that purpose.

An old pine had fallen at the feet of a majestic  
cluster of its brethren, so close that the broad  
column of one made a natural back to part of the  
seat. The ground was warm, dry, and strewn  
with fine dead leaves of past seasons, brown and  
aromatic. A light south wind woke the voices of  
every bough above, and the melancholy susur-  
rus rose and fell in delicate cadences; while beyond  
the green meadows Westbury River, a good sized  
brook, babbled and danced as if there were no  
pine-tree laments in the world.

I believe it, and the odor, and the crying  
wind drove the violets quite out of both the two  
heads that dropped silently over that pine log.  
If Sally had been nervous or poetical she would  
have been glad to recollect them; but no such  
morbidity invaded her healthy soul. She sat  
quite still till George said, in a suppressed and  
rather broken tone—

"I was sorry to see you last night, Sally! I  
could not be sorry for anything else."

"You did give me very much, Master  
George," said Sally, affecting a little distance in  
address, but sufficiently tender in her manner.

"Well, I suppose you don't see it in the way  
I do," returned George; "and I am verry sorry  
for I had rather please you than anybody else."

This was especially tender, and he possessed  
himself of Sally's little red hand, unaware or  
careless that it meant of onions; but it was with-  
drawn very decidedly.

"I think you take a strange way of showing  
your liking!" sniffed the damsel.

George sat astonished. Another tiny spider-  
thread stopped the fly; a subtle ray of blue sped  
sideways out of Sally's eye, that meant—  
"I don't object to be liked!"

"I wish with all my heart I knew any good  
way to please you," he fervently ejaculated.

"I should think any way to please people was  
a good way," retorted Sally, saying much more  
with her eyes than with her voice—so much more  
that in fact this fly was fast. A little puff of  
wind blew off Sally's bonnet; she looked shy,  
flushed, lovely, George stood up on his feet, and  
took off his hat.

"Sally!" said he, in the deepest tones of his  
full, manly voice, "I love you very much in-  
deed; will you be my wife?"

Sally was confounded. I rejoice to say, she  
was quite confounded; but she was made of  
revolutionary stuff, and what just now interfered  
with her plans and schemes was the sudden dis-  
covery how very much indeed she loved George  
Tucker; a fact that she had not left margin  
enough for in her plot. But, as I said, she was  
made of good metal, and she answered very  
low—

"I do like you, George; but I never will marry  
a Britisher and a Tory."

A spasm of real anguish distorted the hand-  
some face, bent forward to listen.

"Do you mean that, Sally? Can't you love  
me because we do not think alike?"

Sally choked a little; her tones fell to a whis-  
per. George had to sit down close to her to  
hear.

"I did not say I didn't love you, George," a  
blissful pause of a second; then a clear, cold  
voice—"But my mind is set. I cannot marry  
a Britisher and a Tory, if I did saying so."

George gasped.

"And I cannot turn traitor and rebel, Sally.  
I can not. I love you better than anything in  
the world, but I cannot do a wicked thing; no,  
not even for you."

He was pale as death. Sally's secret heart  
felt proud of him, and never had she been so  
near repenting of her work in the good cause be-  
fore; but she was resolute.

"Very well," replied she, coolly, "if you  
prefer the king to me, it is not my fault; when your  
side beats, you can take your revenge."

"The thorough injustice of this speech roused  
her lover's generous indignation.

"If you can think that way of me, Sally, it is  
better for us both to have good. Good night!"  
And away strode the loyal fellow, never looking  
back to see his sweetheart have a good cry on the  
pine-log, and then an equally comfortable fit of  
laughter; for she knew very well how restless  
George would be, all alone by himself, and how  
much it meant that they both loved each other,  
and both knew it.

Sally's heart was stout. A sort of Yankee  
Evangeline, she would not have gone after Ge-  
orge; she would have staid at home and waited  
for him to the end of time; doing chores and  
mending meanwhile, but unmindful, in the fixed  
intention of being her lover's sixth wife possi-  
bly, but his wife at last.

So she went home and got supper, strained  
and skinned milk, set a sponge for bread, and  
slept all night like a dormouse. George Tucker  
never went to bed.

"Hooway," roared Long Snaps, trundling in  
to dinner, the next day; "they're waking up  
down to Bostin! Good many o' 'em's quit the  
town. Them ere Brits is a gettin' up comin'  
a breeze; and they do say the reg'lars is comin'  
out full sail, to cair' off all the ammunition in  
these parts, fear o' mutiny 'mongst the milshy."

"Come along," shouted 'Zekie. "Let them come,  
like to see them taking our powder an' shot  
thout asking. Guess they'll hear thunder, of  
they stick their heads into a hornet's nest."

"Dreadful sus," exclaimed Aunt Polly, pull-  
ing turns out of the pot with reckless haste,  
and so scolding her brown fingers emphatically;  
"be they a-come here? will they fetch along  
the battering rams?"

"Thunder an' dry trees," ejaculated 'Zekie,  
what does the woman—;" but at that instant  
Long made for the door, and flung it open,  
thereby preventing explanations.

"Going to Concord, George?" shouted he to  
George Tucker, who in a one-horse wagon,  
and his Sunday best clothes, was driving slowly  
past.

"No, going to Lexington, after corn. Can I  
do anything for you?"

"Well, no; I expect not. When be you com-  
ing back?"

"I don't know."

"Well, go on, good luck to ye; keep to  
windward of squalls, George."

Long nodded, and George drove on. That day  
the whole village of Westbury was in an uproar.  
News had come from Boston that the British  
were about to send out forces to possess them-  
selves of all the military stores in the country,  
and forestall rebellion by rendering it helpless.

From every corner of every farm and village,  
young men and old mustered; from every barn,  
horses of all sizes and descriptions were driven  
out and saddled; ancient and rusty muskets,  
balls of all shapes and of all available metal,  
that would melt and run, disabled broad-swords,  
pikes, blunderbusses, whatever were any resem-  
blance to a weapon, or could be rendered  
serviceable to that end—all were hunted out,  
cleaned, mended, and laid ready; an array that  
might have been a properly drilled and equip-  
ped army smile in contempt, but those deficiencies  
were more than supplied by iron sinews,  
true blood, resolve and desperate courage.

Sally and Aunt Polly partook the gale of patri-  
otism. They scoured the old queen's arm to  
brilliantly; they ran bullets by the hour, baked  
and breaded spring beer, with no more de-  
finite purpose than a general conviction that men  
must and would act, as the men of their house  
certainly did, in the intervals of repairing har-  
rows, filling powder horns and shot-bells, trotting  
over to the tavern after news, and coming back to  
realt it, till Aunt Polly began to imagine she  
heard the distant strokes of a battering-ram, and  
rushing out in terror to assure herself, discovered  
it to be only Sam Pequot, an old Indian, who,  
with the apathy of his race was threshing in the  
barn.

Aunt Polly took down Josephus to refresh her  
memory, and actually drew a laugh from Sally's  
grave lips by confiding to her this extreme  
error of the case; a laugh she forgave, since Sally  
reassured her by recommending to her notice the  
fact that Jerusalem had stone walls that were  
more difficult to climb than stone fences. As for  
Sally, she thought of George all day, of George  
all night, and while the next day deepened toward  
noon, was still thinking of him, when in rushed  
Long Snaps, tarpaulin in hand, full